THE

Old Maid Mad for a Husband

Or, *The Journey-man* Shooe-maker's *Favours turn'd to Misfortunes.*

At firſt ſhe ſhew'd him much Reſpect,
likewiſe Silver and Gold;
At length ſhe did him quite Neglect,
becauſe he Kiſs'd and Told.

To the Tune of, *A Touch of the Times.* This may be Printed, *R. P.*

ALL you that are willing right Merry to be,
I pray you come hither and liſten to me;
While I by this Ditty in brief will unfold,
A pleaſant a Fancy as ever was told,
'Tis of an Old Maid who had Money great ſtore,
But wanting a Husband it troubl'd her ſore:
O would I was happily Marry'd, ſaid ſhe,
A Husband is better then Money to me.

A Journey man Shooe-maker hearing this News,
He threw by his Stirrup, his Awls and his Shooes,
And to this Old Maiden he haſten'd with ſpeed,
So ſcouer ſhe law him, but both was agreed;
But that the young Spark he ſome Money did lack,
In order to buy him new Cloaths to his back:
I'll furniſh thy Pockets with Treaſure, ſaid ſhe,
A Husband is better then Money to me.

Therefore he no longer diſputing did ſtand,
But lays him down thirty good Shillings in hand;
Take this at the preſent, but more thou ſhalt have,
What ever thy heart can require or crave,
I'll give it, if thou in thy promiſe ne'r fail,
And make thee as Trim and as Neat as my Nail:
I value not Silver and Treaſure, ſaid ſhe,
A Husband is better then Money to me.

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This Money the Journey-man Shooe-maker took,
And preſently gave her a ſweet merry look;
Said he, I'le go buy me a new Suit of Cloaths,
New Caſſoc, new Cravat, and likewiſe new Roſe:
This ſaying did pleaſe the old Maid to the heart,
She freely with more of her Treaſure did part,
For why, my dear Honey, I love thee, ſaid ſhe,
A Husband, &c.

This Damſel ſhe ſtraight to a Coffer did go,
And call'd the Shooe-maker to ſee a Rich Show,
Which was a whole Bag full of Silver and Gold,
And ſaid to the Shooe-maker, deareſt behold!
All this ſhall be thine when thou mak'ſt me thy Bride,
And I have got ſomething will pleaſe thee beſide:
What ever is mine I will give it thee free,
A Husband, &c.

At this worthy proffer the Shooe-maker Smil'd,
But ſaid, I'm afraid I ſhan't get thee with Child,
Becauſe thou art Old, and one foot in the Grave;
Said ſhe, I pray feel here what plump Fleſh I have;
What's wanting in Youthfulneſs, I'll make appear,
I have it in perfect true Judgement, my dear;
and thou ſhalt be Lord of my Treaſure, ſaid ſhe,
A Husband, &c.

Then ſtraightways this Damſel did tempt him to bed
Where ſhe did ſurrender up her Maiden-head;
For, ſaid ſhe, I ſcorn it ſhould ever be ſpoke,
That Criſpin did buy here a Pig in a Poke:
Not many days after he told it about,
How kind ſhe had been, ſo the Miſchief came out:
Now of the Shoe-maker ſhe takes her farewel,
Becauſe, like a Raſcal, he did Kiſs and tell.

The Shoe-maker came thither, as heretofore,
But ſtraightway ſhe tumbl'd him out of the Door;
I'll ſend you hence with St. Hugh's at your Back,
And ſtraight with a Cudgel his Crown ſhe did crack:
And now the poor Shoe-maker does Fret and Fume
Becauſe a brave Stone-Cutter's got in his room:
Of this pimping Criſpin ſhe takes her Farewel,
Becauſe, like a Raſcal, he did Kiſs and Tell.

And now the Old Damſel is pleas'd to the heart,
So well the Stone-Cutter has acted his part;
For tho' in her Lodgings he often doth ſleep,
Yet he is reſolved her Counſel to keep:
He ſwears that by him never Tale ſhall be told,
Therefore he enjoys the Old Maid and her Gold:
The Pimp of St. Criſpin ſhall ſee him farewel,
Becauſe, like a Raſcal, he did Kiſs and Tell.

Printed for J. Blare, on London Bridge.